

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 557.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 6, 1862.

VOL. XXII. No. 10.

A Lost Chord.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quited pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife,
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen!

Haydn's Diaries in England.

My Dear Dwight:—In the biographical notices of Haydn, by Griesinger (Leipzig, 1810), and Dies (Vienna, 1810), are extracts from note and memorandum books kept by the composer during his two visits to England. Most of those given by Griesinger were translated into English and published with notes in the first number of the *Harmonicon* for 1827, and thence have passed into the common stock of musical anecdotes.

These memorandum books have long been an object of my inquiries—there being reason to expect in them information upon certain points important to my main object here—in which, however I have been disappointed—but I could find no clue to them and give up all hope of their being still in existence.

On the 30th of July, I found a stranger at the table in the inn, where I usually dined with several of the gentlemen of the imperial library, to whom I was introduced by Prof. Perger as an American much busied with memorials of Beethoven. The stranger, Herr v. Schmittler—head of the government's school-book publishing office—remarked that it was a pity he could not aid me, as he might do if Haydn had been my subject. Upon my asking, how so? he replied that he had in his possession two note books kept by Haydn in England! Since that time he has kindly allowed a copy of them both to be made for me—like the original, even to the line and number of pages (including also those which

Haydn had left blank), and with the same number of words not only on each page but in each line!

These two books belong to the first visit of Haydn to England—those of the second seem to have been irrecoverably lost, save in so far as they were copied by Griesinger and Dies.

With the permission of Herr v. Schmittler I send to the *Journal* as correct and literal a translation of these memoranda, as I can make, with such notes and remarks as may add, perhaps, both to their interest and their value as historical data.

You will see at a glance, that anything like a regular diary does not appear; these notes are merely memoranda, and a large portion of them have no other interest than that which attaches to them, as being by so distinguished a man as Haydn, and as giving us additional means of knowing him, as it were personally. Dies thus speaks of them:

"He (Haydn) noted, for instance, visits which he paid or received, jaunts to places near London; descriptions of the same; divers anecdotes; theatrical notices; verses; facts worthy of note; in short, many of those things which would naturally strike a stranger in London. The few personal memoranda are just sketched in few words; they merely served to recall to memory the events to which they refer, leaving them to the humor of the moment for the form in which they should appear, when related by Haydn in conversation—the natural result following, viz., that the theme was often varied. Hence, perhaps, the reason that the same anecdote sometimes appears in different forms—Haydn himself being at fault in his fondness for amusing his auditors."

This last remark of Dies is a very gentle statement of the fact that Haydn sometimes told the same story in different versions—of which the failure of his memory in his old age is a sufficient explanation—without charging upon him any intentional violation of the truth. I have not, however, found the humorous storyteller, either at home or abroad, very particular as to exactness, when the object is merely to raise a laugh. A very curious instance of this clashing of stories is in regard to the "Surprise Symphony"; Dies says Haydn wrote it to prevent his auditors from indulging their after-dinner nap in the concert room; Griesinger says he once asked Haydn if this was so, and he distinctly denied it! (Compare Dies, pp. 91, 92, and Griesinger, pp. 56, 57.)

Haydn has left many pages of these books blank; others have but a line or two upon them—others still a single name or address. In this translation the heavy lines, —, show the division of the pages, experience having taught me that even so small a matter is worthy of note. Occasional errors of Haydn in proper names are corrected—some well known ones are left as he wrote them. I send at this time only one of the

books; should it please you and escape without serious errors of the press, I cannot but think it will prove, even in its trivialities, a welcome addition to our knowledge of Haydn and of music in London in 1791–2.

A. W. T.

Vienna, Nov. 10, 1862.

HAYDN'S NOTE BOOKS IN LONDON.

HAYDN'S POCKET BOOK OF THE YEAR 1791 IN LONDON.

Needles, scissors and pocket-knife for Frau v. Kees.

For Biswagner spectacles fitted for fifty to sixty years.

For Hamburger scissors for the nails and a larger pair; chain for a lady's watch.

For Frau v. Genzinger various things.

(In English.)

Head of Juno white cornelian, 6 guineas.

That other white red cornelian, 3 1-2 guineas.

6 Schiots [?] . . . 8 —

12 dets, . . . 12 —

Watch from gold, . . . 30 —

The chen [chain] . . . 1 —

The 5th of November I was guest at the dinner of the Lord Mayor's festival. At the first table, No. 1, sat the new Lord Mayor together with his wife, then the Lord Chancellor, the two Sheriffs, Duke of Leeds, Minister Pitt and the other judges of the highest rank. At No. 2, I dined with Mr. Sylvester, the greatest lawyer and first State Counsellor in London. There were in this hall, known as the Golden Hall, 16 tables, and others in the adjoining rooms. The guests in all were towards 1200 persons, all most magnificently dressed—the dishes very neatly served and well cooked.—Wines of many sorts in superfluity. The dinner began at 6 o'clock P. M. and closed at 8. A long procession in the order of rank accompanied the Lord Mayor to and from the table, with many ceremonies; the sword and a sort of golden crown being carried in front to the sounds of trumpets accompanied by Harmony music (1); and so after dinner the entire distinguished company from table No. 1, retired to a room, previously set apart for this purpose, to take coffee and tea. We, the other guests, were taken into adjoining rooms. At 9 o'clock the No. 1. company ascended to a small hall, where the ball was opened. In this hall is a dais for the high nobility, where the Lord Mayor and his wife sit as upon a throne. The dancing began immediately in the order of rank, but only one pair at a time, as is the case also at court on the 6th of January, that is, on the King's birthday. On each side of this small hall are elevated seats, to which the ascent is by 4 steps, occupied mostly by the fair sex. In this hall Minuets only are danced. I could not remain here over a quarter of an hour, first because the heat was too great, there being so many people in so small a hall, and secondly on account of the wretched dance; music for two violin and

and one violoncello players form the entire orchestra. The Minuets were rather Polish than in our and the Italian styles. Thence I went into another hall, which was more like a subterranean hell. There the dances were English.—The music was a little better, because of a drum, which in some degree covered the bad fiddling. I then proceeded to the grand hall where we had dined. The musicians were there more numerous, and rather more bearable. They danced English, but only on the dais where the Lord Mayor and the 4 No. ones had dined. The other tables were all again filled with masculine forms, which, as usual, bravely caroused the night through; the strangest is, that a part of the company danced away without hearing a note of music, for now on this now on that table some were howling songs, others drinking toasts, with mad cries, swinging their glasses and yelling, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! The hall and all the rooms are lighted with lamps, which send forth an unpleasant smell, especially in the small dancing hall.—Remarable (*sic*) is it, that the Lord Mayor needs no knife at the dinner, because a carver standing before him in a place extra prepared for him in the midst of the table cuts up everything for him. (2)

Another man stands behind the Lord Mayor, who calls out the toasts, according to the etiquette here, with straining throat, and each call is followed by trumpets and drums. No health was more applauded than that of Mr. Pitt. In other respects there is no order. This dinner cost one thousand and six hundred pounds, half of which, the Lord Mayor, the other half the two Sheriffs must pay. The Lord Mayor is chosen annually. As to his dress he wore a great, wide long cloak like a satin domino, richly ornamented with stripes of gold lace, especially on the sleeves. He wore a heavy gold chain, like our Thosonists (3), about his neck. His wife had a similar one—she is "Mylady" and remains so in the future. Every year a different man is elected. The entire ceremonial is worth seeing, especially the procession on the Tems (Thames) from the (?) to Westminster.

Mistria Schroeter, No. 6 James Street, Buckingham gate. (4)

The public debt of England is reckoned at over two hundred millions. Some one computed that if this sum should be paid in silver, the wagons, which should carry it off, would extend in a close line from London to York, a distance of 200 miles, supposing no wagon to have more than 6000 pounds to the load.

Mr. Hunter is the greatest and most famous surgeon in London, Leicester square. (5)

N. B. Mr. Silvester, Chamberlain of the Duchess of York.

[This page contains a sort of proverb upon the morals of the women of France, Holland and England—funny but indelicate.]

Que l'Amitié soit aussi solide. SILL. ROK.

N. B. Lady Blake from Langham. [In English.]

On the 3d of June, 1792, I dined with Mon. and Mad. Mara, Mr. Kelly, and Mad. Storace at Storace's, brother of the latter.

Sapienti pauca.

On the 30th of May, 1792, the grand widows' concert, which was given last year for the last time in Westminster church with 885 performers, was, on account of the great expenses, given in the church of St. Margaret. At the rehearsal 800 persons were present, at the performance 2000.

The king gives each time 100 guineas.

Last week, May 25th, 1792, was the 92d. day of the Hastings trial in Westminster Hall.—Hastings had for his defence three advocates; each of these receives on the days of the trial 10 guineas. This trial had its beginning four years ago. They say that Hastings is worth more than a million pounds sterling.

On the 15th of June I went from Windsor to visit Dr. Herschell, where I saw the great telescope. This is 40 feet long and 5 feet in diameter. The machinery is very extensive, but so artistically made, that a single man can put it all in motion with little exertion. There are also two smaller instruments, one of which is 22 feet long and magnifies 6000 times.

The king has had two constructed for himself, each of 12 feet. He paid for them 1000 guineas. Dr. Herschell was in his younger years an oboist in the Prussian service during the seven years war, deserted with his brother, came to England, supported himself many years by music, became organist at Bath and devoted his spare time to astronomy. After providing himself with the necessary instruments, he left Bath, hired a room near Windsor; studied day and night; the mistress of the house became a widow, fell in love with him, married him and gave him a marriage gift of 100,000 florins. Besides this he has an annuity for life of £500 from the king. His wife, now 45 years old, has brought him a son in this year, 1792. Ten years ago he had his sister come over to him, who is of the greatest service to him in his observations. He often sits in the coldest weather five to six hours in the open air. (6)

To-day, January 14, 1792, the life of Mrs. Billington was published. Her private history is there made public to a shameful extent. The author is said to have had her autograph letters and to have offered to restore them to her for 10 guineas, threatening in case of her refusal to make them public through the press. She did refuse to pay the 10 guineas and brought an action to recover the letters. The court decided against her, and she appealed, but in vain; for her opponent, paying no attention to the appeal, offered her £500, and to-day has published her doings. By 3 o'clock, P. M., not a copy was to be had.—They do say that her character is very faulty; but nevertheless she is a great genius, and all the women hate her because she is beautiful. N. B. She is said to have written all these shameful letters, in which she relates her amours, to her mother. She is said to be a natural daughter, and some even believe, that her reputed father was a party to the intrigue. Such stories are unusual in London. The

Husband gives his wife into temptation for the sake of profiting thereby and fleecing the paragon in the sum of £1000 or even more.

On the 14th of June I went to Windsor and thence 8 miles to Ascot Heath, to see the races. These take place upon a large field expressly

selected for this purpose. On the field is a circular course two English miles in extent, six fathoms wide, made very even and smooth.—Along the entire field extends a slight elevation. At the top the circular form is lost in a straight line of some two thousand paces. Along this line are booths, amphitheatres of various sizes, some large enough for two to three hundred persons—the others smaller. In the centre is one for the Prince of Wales and the high nobility.—The places cost from one to forty-two shillings a person. Opposite the place of the Prince of Wales is a lofty stage, above which rises a bell. On this stage are several persons selected, appointed and sworn, who strike the bell first, as a sign for the performers [*sic*] to take their places immediately before the stage. When they are ready the bell is rung a second time, and at the first blow away they ride instantly and he, who, after making the entire two mile circuit, first reaches the stage where they started, receives the prize. At the first heat there were three riders, who had to make the entire circuit twice without stopping. They made the double course in 5 minutes. No stranger would believe this

unless he has the chance of seeing for himself. The second time there were seven. When they were half way round, they were all seven still in a straight line, but as they drew nearer the end of the course, some fell behind, though none more than some ten paces; and while all thought the one who was now near the goal, and upon whom at this moment large bets were made, would come out first, rushes another with incredible force hard by him to the winning point. The riders are very thinly clothed in silk, each of a different color, that they may be the more certainly distinguished, without boots, a small cap on the head, and all as fleshless as greyhounds and as their horses. Each is weighed, as each rider must have a weight in proportion to the strength of their horses, and if one is found too light he must don heavier clothes or they make up the weight with lead. The horses are of the very finest blood, light, with very slender limbs, the manes bound in tresses—the hoof very fine. The instant they hear the tone of the bell they rush away with the greatest force. Each leap of these horses is 22 feet long. These horses are very costly. The Prince of Wales bought one a few years since for £8000, and sold it again for £6000. He, however, had first won 50,000 with it. Among the booths is one large one in which the Englishmen make their bets. The king has at one side his own booth. I saw the first day 5 heats.

Notwithstanding the heavy rain there were towards 2000 coaches all filled with people and three times as many of the common folk on foot. Moreover there are all kinds of puppet-shows, charlatans, jugglers' shows during the races, a multitude of tents with eatables, all sorts of wine and beer, and a great number devoted to io play, (which in English is written *eo*), a play which is forbidden in London. These races continued five successive days. I was present on the second day. The commencement was about two o'clock, the close after five. On the 3d day the racing continued until half past six, and yet there were only 3 heats. The reason of this was that three persons, each of whom had come out first, had to make the course four times in order to decide which should have the prize.—

(On same page).

When a man steals £2, he is hung for it. If, however, I entrust £2000 to any one's care, and he goes to the devil with it, he will be acquitted.

Murder and forgery cannot be pardoned. Last year a priest was hung for the latter crime, notwithstanding the king himself did all in his power for him.

NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR.

(1). "Harmony Music"—that of wind instruments alone.

(2). Not knowing the ceremonies of the Lord Mayor's feast 70 years ago, I translate the words of this passage—but the sense—!

(3). Members of one of the Austrian orders.

(4.). Haydn's account of Mme. Schroeter in his conversations with Dies is thus recorded by the latter:

"Haydn put into my hands another little book of notices; I opened it and found a dozen or two letters in English. Haydn smiled and said, 'Letters of an English Widow in London who loved me; and indeed, although she already counted her sixty years, she was still beautiful and amiable,—a person whom I, if I had then been single, might very likely have married.' This woman, continues Dies, 'is the still living widow of the celebrated pianist Schroeter, whose melodious strains Haydn praised with emphasis. In the letters of the widow, who was also a virtuoso, we see that she was in love with Haydn's genius; she can often find no words to convey the feelings which Haydn's music aroused; and besides this is the highest respect for the man, whose works, so full of genius, were the wonder of the entire refined world. Haydn enjoyed very delightful hours in the widow's company; and when not otherwise engaged generally dined with her.'"

Johann Samuel Schroeter was a native of Warsaw,—born there in 1750—brother of the once celebrated songstress Corona Elizabeth Wilhelmine S. of Weimar and Leipzig, and of Johann Heinrich, a violinist of great note in those days. Johann Samuel came, while still a young man, to London and in 1782, on the death of Christian Bach, succeeded him as pianist in the Queen's concerts. Gerber quotes from some English authority (not named), that Schroeter secretly married a pupil, the possessor of a large fortune. Her family was so enraged as to threaten to make it a chancery matter, and the musician finally consented to settle the matter by accepting an annuity of £500, giving up all claim to his wife and binding himself to play no more in public. To escape the congratulations of his friends, says Gerber, he went into the country, where he fortunately attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales, who gave him a place in his musical establishment with a fine salary. He died Nov. 2d, 1788. Now what puzzles me is, that, four years after, Haydn should find his widow a woman of sixty years of age—her husband having died at the age of 38. There is a mistake somewhere—for what right had her friends to interfere with her marriage—she no longer being in her "teens" by a great deal?

(5). Haydn was afflicted for many years with a polypus in his nose, which had been unsuccessfully operated upon on the Continent, and which Hunter upon examination offered to eradicate. Here is the story Haydn told Dies:—

"I had half agreed to it, but the operation was put off and put off, until at length I forgot all about it. Shortly before my departure (from London), Mr. Hunter sent for me requesting my presence on a matter of pressing importance. So I went. After the usual compliments several great, stout fellows came into the room, seized me and undertook to force me into a chair. I cried out, struck them black and blue and kicked them until I got away and made

Mr. Hunter understand, that I would not have the operation performed. He was astonished at my obstinacy and seemed actually to feel a sort of pity for me, that I would not be so happy as to test his skill. I excused myself on the ground of want of time, as I was to leave immediately, and then took leave of him."

(6). About the year 1760, Herschell played the oboe in the Durham militia. Dr. Miller, organist of Doncaster, dining one day with the officers of the regiment, found him in this situation, and perceiving that he was a man of talent, obtained permission for him to quit the service in which he was engaged, and he was shortly afterwards appointed to the organist's place at Halifax; whence he removed to Bath, where, in a similar situation, he received a better salary and procured more pupils.—(*Harmonicon*, vol. v. p.6.)

(To be continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

More About "Tom."

MR. DWIGHT:—I fear you may think your readers have had enough of "Blind Tom," but, having been present at a concert given by that glowing negro soul a few years ago, I cannot resist the impulse to express my full concurrence with the views of F. M. R., in a late number of your Journal; and really, I must say, that by republishing the article which has called forth so many letters, you have fairly laid yourself open to the reproaches and the continued reproaches of your friends.

I heard Tom in Charleston in January, 1860, at what I believe (though the writer in the *Atlantic* says he played there in 1858) to have been one of his first concerts in that city. Now, Sir, I am no musical expert and seldom venture an original judgment in difficult cases; I know nothing of "chordant harmonies" or "progressions of augmented chords;" nay, I am so very ignorant I do not even dare to suppose that such phrases have no meaning, when I meet with them in a respectable periodical; but with regard to the occasion in question, I feel myself perfectly competent to say that there was no evidence whatever of the extraordinary powers which are ascribed to Tom. The programme consisted (I believe, entirely) of the most common-place pieces, of the rub-a-dub, tum-tum, diddle-diddle order, which give the performer no opportunity to exhibit a remarkable mastery of the piano, and with the playing of which it is laughable (or blasphemous?) to connect the idea of divine inspiration. At the end of the concert, the exhibitor gave a general invitation to the audience to test Tom's power of playing at a single hearing any piece that might be performed in his presence. After a considerable pause, and after the request had been urgently repeated, a gentleman, who announced himself as a professional musician, about to take part in a concert the next evening, took his place at the piano and played a very complicated and showy composition. The boy stood meanwhile by and over the instrument, writhing with the effort to follow and master the piece. I certainly did not expect that he would be able to repeat it with any near approach to perfection; but neither was I prepared for the utter failure which followed. Tom sat down and began with a faint semblance of the original music, but immediately fell into an incoherent fumbling among the keys, and soon gave up the attempt altogether. And so the exhibition ended. It was monstrous, I fully admit, to propose such a task to such a musician; and, for my own satisfaction, I should have preferred an ordeal in which success would be conceivable, though still difficult; but let it be remembered that failure even in this undertaking is wholly inconsistent with the pretensions which are maintained by Tom's master and by his admirers. Of these pretensions we have specimens in the following passages (in which the italics are, except

in one instance, mine). "In his execution he not only reproduces the piece with perfect fidelity, giving every note its sound, but the style of the performer is likewise exactly imitated. Several of our most distinguished musicians performed in Tom's hearing long and complex operative pieces, and the heaven-taught boy re-produced them without committing a single mistake." (Printed on the bill, from the *Charleston Courier*). "His memory is so accurate that he can repeat, without the loss of a syllable, a discourse of fifteen minutes in length, of which he does not understand a word." (*Atlantic Monthly*). "Placed at the instrument with any musician, he plays a perfect bass accompaniment to the treble of music heard for the first time as he plays. Then taking the seat vacated by the other performer, he instantly gives the entire piece, intact in brilliancy and symmetry, not a note lost or misplaced." (*Ibid*)!!!

The conclusions to which I, for my part, have come from this concert, and after all I have read on the subject, are these. I am thoroughly convinced that all such pretensions as the above are in a very high degree extravagant; I see no reason for believing that Tom is the possessor of anything that can properly be called genius; and I think that it is by no means demonstrated that there is anything remarkable about the case.

With respect to the honesty of the exhibition, the only question can be concerning the more or the less of charlatanism. Tom is said to be an idiot. But if this word is used in its strict sense, the statement is most certainly untrue; and I know of no evidence we have that he is in any degree deficient in intelligence. Again, we are told that he is blind. There is no necessity of questioning this. But when I saw him, the thought suggested itself that the frequent throwing back of his head as he stood before the audience had possibly the object of enabling him to look out under his eyelids.

But shall we believe (what is indeed incredible), on no other evidence but the word of a showman, that Tom never learned the piano, but suddenly played without teaching or practice, by the force of a divine impulse? It is conceivable that the uncultivated soul should be opened by the immediate inspiration of genius to a deep appreciation or raised to the original conception of the highest music; but that genius alone can give the understanding of the manner in which a particular instrument is made to utter that music, that men ever have an *a priori* knowledge of the piano and an innate propensity to "the fingering of the schools,"—he who believes this may hold, with Dogberry, that "to be a well favored man is the gift of Fortune, but to write and read comes by Nature."

An exhibition which comes before us with such a tale presents surely a *prima facie* claim to be classed with such vulgar wonders as Joyce Heth, the Mermaid, and the What-is-it. Yet the greatest imposture often has a nucleus of fact, it may well enough be that this young Mozart has his real talents, if we could only find them out.

In further illustration of the character of the show, I subjoin a part of one of Tom's hand-bills, which I think you will pronounce a fine specimen of the richest barnumesque. I am sorry that I have lost the list of pieces and have, therefore, been forced to rely, in what I have said on that point, on a memory which was not at the time very deeply impressed.—I should remember, however, I am confident, if there had been, on the evening when I heard the boy, any selections from Weber or Beethoven, or even, I think, any themes from the "higher grades of Italian or German opera."

COMPLETE TRIUMPH!

(See COURIER AND MERCURY of this Morning).

SECOND NIGHT OF

TOM!

The Blind Negro-Boy Pianist!

Not yet 10 years old!

LAST NIGHT BUT 3!

(IMMENSE SUCCESS!)

Hall Crowded with Fashionables, Critics, Professionals, &c.

A PLANTATION NEGRO-BOY

Without ONE HOUR'S INSTRUCTION,
and perfectly Blind from Infancy,

Plays more than 1100 pieces of MUSIC upon the Piano with a copiousness of style and power, and brilliancy of execution, surpassing anything ever heard before.

HIBERNIA HALL.

TUESDAY EVENING, JAN'Y 31.

DOORS OPEN AT 7..... COMMENCE AT 7 1-2.

Admission 50 cts.; Children under 10 years, 25 cts.

HE WILL PLAY

MARCHES.

POLKAS.

Celebrated AIRS, with VARIATIONS,

QUADRILLES,

CAVATINAS,

CONCERTOS, &c.

This Extraordinary GENIUS of HARMONY will also play the National Air with one hand and Fisher's Hornpipe with the other, and both at the same time.

CARD.—The Blind Boy, Tom, was born near Columbus, Ga., and is only nine years and some months old; and being perfectly blind, was caressed and petted. But when the veil of darkness was drawn over his eyes, as if to make amends for the affliction upon the poor Negro Boy, a flood of light was poured into his brain, mysteriously even through the darkened portals, and his mind became an opera of beauty, written by the hand of God, in syllables of music, for the delight of the world. The development of his ability which is startling the musical firmament, was purely accidental. The boy being the pet of the family, had access to the parlor in which the piano stood. The ladies in an adjoining apartment heard with surprise the instrument touched by no ordinary hand; and, entranced, they listened to the melody, and hastening to know who could produce such exquisite music, found the little Blind Plantation Negro, TOM, scarcely able to reach the keys, fingering them with the skill of an accomplished artist. Can anything be more wonderful than the history of this gifted negro boy? It is worthy of special mark, too, that in all his wonderful improvisations he has never been known to be guilty of REPRODUCTION OF PLAGIARISM. He is presented to the Charleston public as surpassing everything hitherto known to the world as a MUSICAL WONDER.

In our Northern cities such advertisements are familiar, and we know how to interpret them. Probably the same rules should be applied in Charleston and Savannah for discrimination between the counterfeit and the true paper.

It is little creditable to the *Atlantic* that it should admit into its columns an article so warmly advocating so suspicious a prodigy and so horribly stuffed with epithets of music unmeaningly and ridiculously applied.

F.

Meyerbeer's "Dinorah."

(From the New York Tribune, Nov. 25).

The public has been ready if not eager for some distinct novelty in the production of operas. Novelty must be in fact as well as in name. The bowl and dagger of the Italian school—the Italians have forgot to laugh any more at the opera—would not be novelty, if repeated under a new name. We have had enough of that in plots, good like that of *Lucresia*, and worse than bad, as that of *Troatore*. Relief, in scene, sentiment, dramatic construction, is required by the law which makes variety the necessity of life, not as the proverb imperfectly says, the spice of it.

A very large and brilliant audience was assembled last night at the Academy of Music, to enjoy the first presentation of M. Meyerbeer's latest work, *Dinorah*. The weather finally favored the Muses. Clear skies, if not a conciliatory temperature, enabled all, whether walking or driving, to attend, who desired to do so.

The composer of the opera played last night, M. Meyerbeer, is no longer a young man. He is in the dark autumn of life; but still younger than the Hon. Josiah Quincy, who says he enjoys life hugely without the early bohemisms of love and so-forth, and Mr. Quincy is ninety—was a young man at "the Court of President Washington"—to adopt that wonderful phrase, whatever it means. So we may, according to this rule, consider M. Meyerbeer in the prime of life, for we believe he is only turned of sev-

enty. Unlike the charming, genial, elegant Mr. Quincy, M. Meyerbeer does bother himself with love—plots. He fights his battles over again. A whole generation has gone under the green-sod, and another has grizzled, since M. Meyerbeer first began to write music—to find the highest expression of his emotions not, like his brother, in penning tragedies in blank verse—but in the more indefinite sonorosity of musical rhythms. He was a pupil of the Abbé Vogler, along with Carl Maria Von Weber, the great composer of *Der Freyschütz*, and the best writer of orchestral overtures who ever came upon the lyrical field. Von Weber stuck to his German antecedents; or, at least remained in Germany. The teacher of Meyerbeer told him to travel to Italy and learn the art of composing melodies. Accordingly M. Meyerbeer, being a man of independent fortune, and the son of a banker, went, as he chose, to Italy, and wrote Italian operas. The most noted of these was *Il Crociato* and it was played at Paris and London. His Italian works, as such, were not first-rate, have not lasted on the boards, and excited the ire of his friend and fellow student Von Weber. Next we hear of M. Meyerbeer in Paris setting music to French words; and finally after delay, difficulty, and tradition says, heavy expenditure on his part to make the crooked places straight, *Robert le Diable* was produced, and established preposterously his fame. The style of this was not Italian, nor French, nor German exclusively, but eclectic; a composite of the three, in which the *diablerie* and supernaturalism of Von Weber, the brilliant phrasing of Rossini, and the extension of orchestral means to suit French Academic tastes, appeared along with the peculiarities of the author's style, and his admirable musico-rhetorical studies. The effect, however, of portions of *Robert* is tinselish; nor is it imbued with the spontaneity of some other masters. Then followed another and grander production, *Les Huguenots*—which was the largest and finest subject ever treated on the operatic stage—and confirmed the reputation of the author. Next ensued *Le Prophète*, which, if it did not augment, did not extenuate his reputation. Afterwards came a work written for the French Comic Opera, *L'Etoile du Nord*; and finally *Dinorah*, the opera produced last evening. Another work given in Germany, *Struensee*, must be added to the list.

It will be seen by this that M. Meyerbeer is not a quick worker—or not so to the knowledge of the public. Thirty odd years for five operas, is an odd contrast to the marvelous fecundity of Rossini, who, whether it was on the *Barber* or on *William Tell*, dashed off his ideas which time cannot dim or art improve, with irrepressible fervor and rapidity.

In all M. Meyerbeer's works he takes care of his orchestra. In this department novel uses of instruments were made by few composers before M. Meyerbeer first began to write for the orchestra. Rossini had upset a good many traditions for the orchestra; and Weber put instruments to new poetical uses. We find in the scores of others of the second epoch of the classic school little more than the usages of Mozart's time. We are not speaking now of ideas but of orchestral treatment simply. In *Dinorah*, of course, M. Meyerbeer makes use of his instrumental palette, according to custom—painting situations by suggestive tones when possible. The situations are good for special orchestral treatment as will be seen by the following Argument.

Dinorah (Mlle. Cordier), a peasant girl of Brittany, goes crazy, as she had a right to, because her lover Höel (Amodio) had left her on the eve of marriage. The lover did so because his paternal cottage had suddenly burned down, and he was left without the means of keeping the said house; and being a person of large imagination, not to say small brain, he went loosely about at the instigation of a fortune-teller, in search of gold—a quantity of which lay buried somewhere. At this point the play opens. The girl is crazy—the lover fortune-hunting—and a peasant, *Corentino* (Brignoli), a third party, is to be made the means of the lover's finding the mysterious gold. But he will not go to the dreary glen where the fortune-teller said the gold was (we believe we have the plot pretty straight—it is a little muddled at best for a simple story)—for he learns from the crazy *Dinorah* whom he takes for a witch that he who first touches the gold dies—such is the legend. *Dinorah* sees at this moment her goat (a prima donna who acts well) cross on a crazy bridge over a roaring waterfall, and she runs after it, before the lover (not knowing her in the gloom of midnight) can stop her. The bridge of course breaks. She goes into the water, and would have been drowned, but the lover rescues her. The bath, the agitation, and the shock generally fetch her back to her senses. Then the lover finds out that she is the treasure he was to seek in the wild glen. The lover *Höel* is not a perfectionist; for he tries to get *Corentino* (Brigno-

li) to pick up the first auriferous nugget, though he believes according to the legend it is death to the hand that touches. *Corentino*, not to be outdone, wishes the witch, as he supposes the crazy girl, to go to the perilsous place.

An orchestral symphony, interspersed with a chorus behind the curtain, is played. Music can by allusion alone tell a story, and then it is necessary for the hearer to know what the composer is "driving at;" and if the outlines of the subject be sharp and clear, and the composer be master of his trade, a pretty definite statement by mere sound is sometimes possible. Sometimes not even then. M. Meyerbeer, accordingly, in this symphony, gives us some rural hardy-gurdyisms, pipings, bell-tinklings, and snave fluencies of sound which may be taken for the soft satisfactions of quiescent nature. About what the chorus are engaged there can be no doubt. Like good Bretons and Catholics they are offering their simple orisons to the Blessed Virgin. Besides this prayer taken up and dropt hectically, there is a snatch of a religious march. Melodramatic, languor, grief, insanity, and so forth, figure in connection with the scene paintings; and there is some hurly-burly due the difficulties which a cracked girl with a goat encounters in scouring hill, forest and precipices after the lover who is fool enough to be half-cracked also. We beg to mention that Mr. Ditson of Boston has republished the English edition of the opera—with Italian and English words original French set aside; and the translation being by an English critic and scholar, Mr. Chorley, may be recommended as pertaining to our language in particular—in which it differs from the so-called "standard" original English translations of most other operas, which are so bad as to be curiosities of ill-literature.

The prefatory business being got through in the Sinfonia Argument, the curtain rises on a Breton bit of landscape, with the cottage, the interior revealed, of *Corentino*, a shrine, rude rocky steps, etc.; and where goatherds and shepherds sing according to their calling, words anglicised by Mr. Chorley thus:

The bright autumn day
Is fading far away;
Thyme and broom and heather
Scent the moor together.
My flock, white and gray,
Hither from your play,
On the height, or in hollow,
Come at a call, your herdsman follow
Yonder in the gloom,
Dwarf and brownie roam—
Waiting but to slay
All they find astray,
etc.

This chorus is written with leading soprano, and sung by Miss Morenci, doing a peasant without a name, and accompanying parts. Of the value of the central idea, or main melody, in it or other pieces, we shall offer no opinion. Time, popularity, and experiences not to be set aside, determine such questions. A melody may be artistically impeccable on paper, and in the voice of the singer, and yet just want something to give it affluence. In regard to the ingenious writing, the careful mosaic work of M. Meyerbeer, there cannot be two opinions.

The second act is preceded by the waving orchestral passages with which the Symphony opens: they are the precursors; along with bell-tinklings of the presence of *Dinorah*; and as that wandering fair was played and sung by the debutante, Mlle. Cordier, a stranger, utterly so, to our boards, we may here state something about her. Mlle. Cordier is a young French lady, who has the talent to do the part in Italian—subject to the drawbacks of translation. She acts well and has a great deal to do as an actress. Her voice, without being of the first quality, has a large range, vast flexibility, command over half-tone passages, hills, and other difficulties. Where she got hold of a square clear melody—as in the shadow dance scene—of sufficient snap and rapidity to catch the popular ear, she obtained a tumultuous encore. Her appearance was successful in a part written up to the ability of the highest class Sopranos of the Opera Comique, Paris.

The introductory piece of *Dinorah* is fitful until we get to the Cradle-song. The undulations of the orchestra mark the business. On this there is simple melody, major at first, and rocking into minor and out of it again.

No. 2 A is an air of the Breton pipe, and some recitative by *Corentino* (Signor Brignoli)—whose appearance with the bagpipes was comical.

No. 3, is an air by the same individual—a *strofe*—of quaint texture in D, $\frac{3}{4}$ time. It is too wild in its simplicity—rapid changes from minor to major—interjections of triplets and so-forth to be popular—like little bits of plainer tune.

No. 4 is a Duet, betwixt *Dinorah* and the other

This page contains seven systems of musical notation for Chopin's Mazurkas. Each system consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings like *f*, *p*, and *Cres.*. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) and asterisks are used throughout. Some measures contain triplets or other rhythmic groupings.

Chopin's Mazurkas.

Dim. *p* *Ritenu.* Ped. *

In tempo. Cres. Ped. * Ped.

Dim. Cres. *

Dim.

sf

Accelerando e dim.

In tempo. Fine.

ELEVENTH SET.

99

No. 39.
Op. 63. No. 1.

Vivace.

The musical score is written for piano and bass. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Vivace.' The score consists of seven systems, each with a treble and bass staff. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *Cres.* (crescendo), *p* (piano), and *Dim.* (diminuendo). Pedaling is indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks (*). Articulation marks like 'x' and 'v' are present. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change to two sharps (F#, C#).

Chopin's Mazurkas.

100 Chopin's Mazurkas.

The musical score is for a piece in G major, 3/4 time. It features a variety of musical notations including eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and accidentals. Dynamic markings such as *p*, *fz*, *Dim.*, *Cres.*, and *pp* are used to indicate changes in volume. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) and asterisks are placed below the bass staff to indicate when the sustain pedal should be used. The piece concludes with a *Fine* marking and a repeat sign.

"miserable." Dinorah begins by mimicking the shepherd's pipe; and then the duet begins. This winds but with some super triplets good for brilliant vocalization; and goes into to more movements, where the crazy maiden wanders about yet in triplets of music. After some interjectional exclamations Dinorah helps the Academicians to a simple strain of some Bretonish quality, with a Scotch hit à la *Robin Adair*. Then she goes off in more recondite and lively strains where her simplicity requires very good intonation of difficult passages and transitions.

No. 5 is an aria by Höel, in E minor, 9-8 time: where that gentleman discusses his unfound gold with as much eagerness as if it were at 37 per cent premium, and deposited in the Chemical Bank. There are various transitions in this piece, warranted by the high state of financial excitement into which the gentleman is thrown by his air-castle. Only the connoisseur can fully sympathize with the peroration harmonies which portray the rise of gold and so forth.

No. 6 is a *Scena e Scanzurazione*—where there is much ingenuity exhibited by the composer to detail the different emotions of the excellent pair—Corentino and Höel. This is common time, and several keys.

No. 8, is a Terzetto: a most ingenious piece of voice-writing—and all about the silver-bell.

No. 8 A—is an *Intermedio*.

No. 9, Chorus in which men are bawling-out for wine; and women more sober, discuss the fact that the morrow is a feast day.

No. 9 A—is a capricorn discussion—Solo and Chorus.

No. 10 is recitative and romance—the air quite an oddity in some phrases.

No. 11 is an Aria of *Dinorah*—unconventional and crazy-wise and befits the girl.

No. 12 is a Canzone by *Corentino*—which is also unconventional and deals in numerical figures.

No. 13 is the Legend told by *Dinorah*, while the orchestra trembles under the weight of the announcement.

No. 14 is a Duet between Höel and Corentino in which they discuss the gold—Höel, fine fellow, only wanting Corentino to touch the treasure first and then die—according to the legend, he then becoming heir on the spot.

No. 15. Terzetto Finale between the masculine worthies and the crazy girl—very elaborately notated, and the climax finely worked-up—with an unusual ending.

No. 15 A. is a rural entr'acte.

No. 16. Is a hunting-song—sung effectively by Signor Susini—who condescended to do a peasant without a stage name.

No. 17. A harvesters-song by Signor Brignoli with a sickle.

No. 18. A goatherds song or duet by Miss Morenci and another. These pieces are independent of the progress of the play.

No. 19. *Scena* and prayer by peasants.

No. 20. A *romanza* by Höel in which he shows signs of coming to his senses and was much applauded.

No. 21. Duet and Finale—being "Bless you, my children" of the happy wind-up, *Dinorah* having found her brains too. To make the cure complete she hears the *AVE MARIA* of the peasants, who happen that moment to be putting up their prayers. They enter; and the excellent Corentino asking about the treasure, Höel points to *Dinorah*. After that there was nothing more but to invoke grace once more and let the curtain fall to an exultant solo by *Dinorah*, which was done accordingly—amid loud applause likewise.

In regard to the music it may be said that M. Meyerbeer writing to an idyllic subject should be idyllic—that is very simple in his forms and modulations. Then on the other hand simplicity is not so easy, along with original interest. But he had more than peasants to deal with. The three characters are all more than peasants; they are crazy in degrees. Höel is half cracked in his supernatural hunt after gold: Corentino is three-quarters cracked by nature, and keen only in avarice and meanness, and *Dinorah* is cracked altogether. So that a delineator of their insanities lyrically must deal with the abrupt, the involved, and the scientific as contradistinguished from simple melodies on simple harmonies.

There were calls before the curtain; and we judge that the opera gave great pleasure to the immense audience.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, NOV. 25.—"Le Pardon de Ploermel" was performed for the first time in America,

at the Academy of Music, last night. This opera plainly shows that Meyerbeer, the intelligent master of effect, has lost his youthful fire, which never was the genius that outlasts youth. The music of "Le Pardon de Ploermel," or "Dinorah," as the Italian version has it, is made, cold, sought-for, far-fetched. Dance melodies, and themes that bear about as much resemblance to popular Brittany songs, as bears the painted, powdered, frizzled, spangled *paisanne* of the masquerade, to a fresh country maiden, chasing sheep or goats over the windy downs of Brittany, alternate through the work. How differently have Weber, Boieldieu, Gade, even Rossini, treated national music!—Only in the third act, in the air Höel sings before *Dinorah's* recovery, and in the duo that follows it, could we detect the accents of nature and the heart. Beside such music as this (the heaviest of light operas!) Bellini's melodies are golden, and Rossini's spectacular, operas, classic. The plot is continually broken up by unnecessary episodes, intended to display the composer's power of torturing melody, and to give color and character to the work. For instance, on the opening of the last act, when one naturally feels a little anxious about the fate of the heroine after her cold bath, the composer brings on a hunter, who sings the pleasures of the chase in a common-place melody; then a reaper comes in and tells us what he will do at and after work; then the goat-herds laud their calling. To our thinking, this is very tiresome and undramatic.

ANGIOLINA CORDIER, is a pleasing singer and actress of the French school, and made an interesting *Dinorah*; indeed her singing was the redeeming feature of last evening. MORENCI, (Miss Duckworth) sang the first goat-herds' music with a sound, sonorous contralto, that needs further training, however. BRIGNOLI was awkward as Corentino, and sang ill; SUSINI had but one air, (the hunter's); AMODIO will be a good singer, when he has learned to dispense with that senseless tremolo. The music was much cut; the *mise en scène* fourth-rate; the orchestra insufficient, the chorus miserable. The singing of the chorus in the "Ave Maria" behind the curtain, which interlards the overture, was fearfully false; the hand-bill ridiculously styles this chorus "invisible"; we wished it inaudible also. Said a Frenchman near us, "when they get this opera up very well in Paris, it is rather interesting; but here they have turned it into a farce!"

The house was crowded by an elegantly dressed, stiff and uncomfortable looking audience, afraid to venture on an expression of opinion for or against the opera, applauding (when it did applaud) in the wrong place, as is usually the case with Academy audiences, and generous in bouquets to the extent of—Two!!—which were thrown to Cordier.

How differently was this "fashionable" representation of a German opera, to "the real thing" down at Wallack's little old theatre, where the breath of poetry (to say nothing of flowers; at the first representation of "Fidelio," M^{me}. JOHANSEN must have received nearly two hundred bouquets) quite overpowers the fumes of those cigars that young Germany will smoke in the outer lobbies; and where the audience knows how to applaud (and sometimes to hiss) and does it *con fuoco, furore, e fanatismo!*

The first Philharmonic Rehearsal for the second concert took place last Saturday afternoon; they played Gade's first symphony, and Liszt's symphonic poem "Tasso." We will speak of them after further hearings.

ORFEO.

NEW YORK, DEC. 2.—Carl Anschütz is my theme in the present epistle. He is a small-sized theme, with long black curling hair, just tinged with grey, a quick nervous eye, and a pair of arms which have discovered the secret of perpetual motion.

Carl Anschütz is a musician of the first water and his art is to him bread, meat, lager beer, sweet potatoes and caramels—lodging and washing. He lives

for Art and by Art. He sleeps with Art, or rather sits up all night with it, for I am credibly informed that as soon as the opera is over, he goes to the manager's room, and copies music all night; preparing from a piano score, the orchestral parts of the next new opera. He has already in less than 40 opera nights produced a dozen operas, and intends to produce a dozen more this season, thus introducing to our musical public works which but for him they would never have heard of before. "The Poacher," or *Wildschütz* of Lortzing is one of these. It is a charming little work, full of fun and pretty music. Herr GRAFF makes a great hit as a good-natured old schoolmaster, while the opera needs and enjoys the services of some thirty boy singers, who act as scholars, and sing very well. Here is the programme of this pleasing little opera.

The curtain rises upon a rural festivity, a village schoolmaster, Baculus (Mr. Graff) celebrating his betrothal to his ward Margaret (Mrs. Schaumberg). The schoolmaster, in order to enhance the attractions of the feast, has become a poacher and shot a deer in the count's park. Unluckily he has been seen in the act and informed against. In the midst of the merry-making he receives a letter from the count, dismissing him from his office. The idea strikes him that he might avert his removal by sending Margaret to the count and having her ask pardon. Yet finding his betrothed rather suspiciously eager to do so and being well aware of the amorous propensities of the count, he grows jealous and refuses his permission.

In the mean time the count (M. Weinlich), accompanied by the baron (Mr. Quint), who acts as his "ecuyer" in order to become acquainted with his intended bride, the baroness Freimann (Mrs. Johannsen), without being known by her, on his return from the chase approaches the rural scene. The baroness, a dashing young widow, having also resolved to see her intended bride-groom without being known by him, has arrived, dressed in the garb of a student.—But becoming frightened at the risk of detection, and learning the embarrassment of the schoolmaster, she offers to take the part of Margaret and to beg the count's pardon for the schoolmaster. That offer is eagerly accepted by Baculus and she is sanguine of success when the count, delighted at the frolic, invites the whole rustic party to his castle.

Act 2. The count's wife, sister of the baron, but not knowing him under his disguise, is under the belief that she is the object of his admiration. Having the aspirations of a blue stocking, she proposes to get up a performance of a play of Sophocles. The schoolmaster, knowing of this "foible" of the countess and unwilling to rely too much upon the intercession of the baroness, whom he really believes to be a student, and whom he suspects to have inspired tender feelings to Margaret, has hit upon a little plan of his own. He tries to obtain the intercession in his favor of the countess by pretending to be an admirer of the classics. A ludicrous conversation between the two is interrupted by the entrance of the count and baron. The count once more reproaches the schoolmaster with his poaching, when the baroness, clad like a village girl, enters to beg mercy. The count, as well as the baron, finding the girl, always believed by Baculus to be a young man, very interesting, desires to win her favor. A heavy rain setting in, gives them a pretext to invite her to stay at the castle over night. Each being anxious to foil the intentions of the other, it follows, that they extend their invitation to the schoolmaster.

Thus, the countess having retired, the count and baron begin to play at billiards, neither of them being willing to leave the other with the baroness, while Baculus, sitting in a corner, takes out his hymn book and in a stentorian voice commences to sing. In the midst of his devotion, however, he falls asleep. The count and baron, perceiving their opportunity, begin to quarrel and, by gesticulating with their cues, extinguish the light. Then, in the dark, they grope around after the supposed Margaret, who eludes them. The noise, created by this scene, awakes the countess who enters the room with a light. Perceiving the cause of the disturbance she proposes to do away with all temptation and invites the baroness to stay with her, at the thought of which the schoolmaster, believing, as he does, that it is a dashing young student who is invited to share the countess' room, is considerably delighted. The baron, unwilling to lose the fair girl and being seriously in love with her, offers the schoolmaster \$5000 for releasing "his betrothed" to him. Baculus, almost crazy with joy, consents to the bargain, supposing, of course, that it is Margaret whom the baron wants.

Act 3. Baculus having apprised Margaret of the bargain, she also is delighted with it. The birthday of the count is being celebrated by another rural festivity. Baculus offers Margaret to the baron, who spurns her to her great mortification. The baroness appears in her proper character as the bride of the baron and the count's sister. The count, remembering his courtship, feels rather queer about the discovery, especially towards his wife. He sets it off, however, by slyly hinting at the tender feelings which her own brother, the baron, has awakened in her. So they have to forgive and accept forgiveness all round. When in this mood, the count, of course, pardons the schoolmaster, who meanwhile has introduced all his school children and caused them to sing a ludicrous prayer for mercy, composed by him. The baron endows Margaret with the sum of money he had proposed to pay for the "schoolmaster's bride," and the curtain descends upon a scene of general jollity and happiness.

"Fidelio" has, however, been the great success of the season. Madama JOHANSEN singing and acting the part superbly. This lady has been in oblivion and Philadelphia for some years back, but now resumes lyric life and is vastly increasing her reputation. The tenor, LOTTI, acts and sings as if he were frightened to death. WEINLICH, the basso, is admirable as Rocco, but unsatisfactory in his other parts.

The present experiment has, however, proved the ability of New York to sustain a German Opera. Amateurs who don't understand the German language find their way to Anschütz's dirty little theatre and endure vast wastes of dismal dialogue so as to enjoy the onuses of music. Anschütz, moreover, has an excellent orchestra, of which he is the life and soul.

A number of the patrons of the German Opera will this week present the spirited little conductor with a testimonial in the shape of a purse containing almost a thousand dollars. Anschütz hopes to continue the season till May, and next year to import good male singers and give German Opera in a better house.

In the mean time "Dinorah" at the Italian Academy of Music drags along rather wearily. It is not a very brilliant success and will be soon withdrawn to make way for the "Ballo in Maschera."

There is a great flood of concerts of which you will hear next week from TROVATOR.

"Blind Tom" (and done with).

MR. EDITOR.—I have finished reading the chapter on "Blind Tom," contained in a late number of the Journal. It took me about three days to get through, as I could only read until my mingled feelings of pity, contempt, indignation and hilarity obtained a victory over my patience. Why all this? Perhaps you will inquire. It is simply because I have heard this "Tom, or the demon in Tom"—and being a musician, I will endeavor—perhaps feebly—to fulfil "the time when some more satisfactory light may be shed upon the puzzling and imperfectly read facts," as you desire. Let me first thank you for your editorial comment, which, after such a catalogue of musical nonsense and physical impossibilities, is truly refreshing; and the thoughts you have recorded must also occur to every truly educated musician and discreet amateur who reads that "charming, sad romance" from the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Just before the war broke out I was present at two of this prodigy's concerts held in one of the Southern towns. "Being a slave," you know, "Tom was never taken into a Free State;" but Mr. Editor, you have most aptly hinted at the true reason; Tom would excite no interest in the North apart from the music by which he challenged our criticism, and his manager only showed his tact by keeping him in that dark corner of our country "whose institutions certainly have never acted very favorably upon Art culture."

Being duly heralded, Tom appeared, under the control of one "Mr. Oliver,"—but whether "Perry

H." I know not,—who opened each concert with a very tedious speech concerning the nigritudinous miracle he was about to exhibit. I survived that speech twice! and as it was a tremendous olio of incomprehensible musical phrases, egotism, the most exaggerated promises of the things which Tom was about to do, and all done up in the "highfalutin" style, I cannot forget it.

Well, Mr. Oliver told his audience one thing true, namely: that he knew nothing about music! and if there is any one thing characteristic in the chapter under review, it is this fact. With all this prefatory admission, however, he reiterated exactly this same bracedecio about Tom's eclipsing Mozart, Beethoven and everybody else, from their youth upwards. Then, as if to prove to his audience what an incongruous phenomenon Tom was, he asserted that the boy was "destitute of time and tune." There, think of that! Let the musical world turn out to see and hear a darkey who is "destitute of time and tune" put to shame all our knowledge and recollections of the great music-masters of the past. But this singular conformation of the boy's faculties must have been clearly comprehensible to Mr. Oliver, or he would not have mentioned it. So also I presume are those mysterious expressions and allusions of "Margaret Howth."

It was promised that Tom should not strike a false note—not produce a wrong chord—play anything and everything, any way, anywhere—and abundant beyond what was ever before attempted by mortal man! He would also play his own compositions, which competent judges (?) had pronounced beautiful and classic; sing in several languages, &c., &c.

It is needless to add that all this was done—but how? Here I would prefer to stop, for I can no more convey to your readers what a complete puzzle the performance proved to be, than I could attempt to explain how Tom "struck the opening cadence" of that fourteen-page Fantasia—"variations on an inanimate theme." (Could it have been "The tune the old cow did to?"

The programme was made up of those ephemeral compositions which every player has thrummed to death; but how often had I heard many young girls play them a hundred times better. The "selections from Weber, Beethoven, and others" were the "Last Waltz" of the former and those so-called waltzes of the latter. The "something we like from Verdi"—Mr. Oliver's taste, not mine—was the Anvil chorus!

Tom's original compositions, were, indeed, "simple and plaintive enough, but with easily detected traces of remembered harmonies." Yes, very "easily detected," that's a fact. But how is it that this dusky victor over the combined genius of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber & Co., would plagiarize "remembered harmonies" and palm them off upon the chivalrous children of the sunny South, from "Baltimore and the upper Virginia towns" to the Crescent city, as evidences of his own sublime inspiration!—"We know of no parallel case to this in musical history." "Grimm" forgot to tell us that concerning Mozart! Tom's most celebrated original is the "Oliver Gallop," a sort of hand-organ tune, and intended to immortalize his good-natured master.—To show how "very different from the strange, wierd improvisations of every day" his compositions are, it is only necessary to state that next day and for weeks after his concerts, every lady in town was drumming that Gallop on the piano—and yet they had only heard it at his playing! Ditson would not risk a dollar on its musical merits; although it was published, and "the everlasting nigger" influence made it sell.

Seriously, Tom is a wonderful negro and has a faculty for music which must be considered very astonishing; but if he is to be compared with what we know of the great souls of musical history, he sinks into contemptible insignificance. His powers of imitation, so peculiar to his race generally, are excessive;

his memory is very plastic, and his performances assuredly exhibit a spirit within him far in advance of his kind. But after we consider him as a *lusus nature* the whole story is told. It is not too sweeping to assert that he scarcely plays anything correctly. To Mr. Oliver's ear it may be all right, but to those who only attempt to follow where the music giants have gone before, Tom's "murdering" of the "severely classical composers" is an imposition we would fain abolish. Many of Tom's running passages, if heard separately from the slower melody-part of the piece, could not be recognized as belonging anywhere; and the dexterous twisting, dove-tailing alterations of many strains to suit his peculiar abilities, is both amusing and painful to those who, like myself, profess to know something about originals. So long as Tom's performances consist of those humdrum common-chord pieces, he is entertaining; but when he essays anything in the operatic and classic repertoire, he is nowhere! Indeed, nothing more pitiable and ridiculous can be imagined, and I trust your refined ear may never be so offended.

But how has he attained what ability he does possess, if he is not the extraordinary being his friends assert? In response to this I would merely state what I know to be the fact, that the very individual who travelled with Tom, in the capacity of ticket-agent, was a very fair pianist! After ascertaining this, I had no further questions to ask; I thought I could draw some very safe inferences, without peeping behind the scenes.

It is (or was) unfortunate for Tom that he had not been introduced to the public by some one who did know something about music. The boy's powers would then have been fairly and comprehensively stated and his efforts duly appreciated; but when we are told that "this negro ranks next to the lowest Guinea type," and is but "one degree above an idiot," that he must be recognized as musical perfection, and a worthy compeer of the "infant Mozart," our senses are insulted, and we are forced to pity not only the infatuated writer of the article on Blind Tom, but those who have read it and may not be lucky enough to get the other side of the story from Yours truly,

G. B. A.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 6, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Chopin's Mazurkas.

Concerts.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The first Afternoon Concert of the ninth season took place in the Boston Music Hall on Wednesday. A cheerless day, and a small audience; but there was no cause for discouragement, for the music was good, the orchestra good, and the attraction in the long run is sure. There was about the old number of instruments (say thirty), in the same hands, by this time from long practice well assimilated; the first violins excellent as usual, as well as most of the other representatives of the viol family; and oboes, flutes, clarinets, bassoons, &c., each in effective pairs, and not (as in one or two instances last year) obliged to borrow to fill vacancies occasioned by the call of war. The collective sound of the orchestra was good, and *obligato* passages of individual instruments were severally creditable. For some reason which we have not learned, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, announced as usual as the conductor, was not present, and modestly and gracefully, yet firmly, Mr. SCHULTZE, the popular first violinist, performed that duty. The programme was a very good one, as follows:

1. Overture—"Ruy Blas," Mendelssohn
2. Concert Waltz—"Thermen," Strauss (First time in Boston)
3. Symphony, No. 2, Haydn
1. Adagio. 2. Allegro. 3. Andante. 4. Minuetto. 5. Finale
4. Franz Schubert's "Erl-King," Transcribed for Orchestra. (First time in this country)
5. Second Finale from the Opera "Zemire and Azor," Spohr (First time)
6. Grand Galop Militaire, Herfurth (First time)

Mendelssohn's highly dramatic, finely passionate, incisive overture was remarkably well rendered, and found the audience all alive to it. The Haydn Symphony was the great one in D, of the famous Solomon set, marked No. 1 in some editions, in others No. 7—the same one that was played a few weeks since by the Mozart Club, and one of the best known here and everywhere. It has a great deal of matter in it, especially the Andante, with its comforting warmth and tenderness, yielding for a time to agitating thoughts, recurrences of tragical suggestions out of darker depths of feeling—a powerful passage, in which you may detect loose sketches of figures much more powerfully worked out by Beethoven. The quicker movements are full of sparkling, playful ideas; fine fun in the finale, with its ancient dance-like melody beginning upon a drone bass. The whole is of course worked up with the clear symmetry and elegance of Haydn, but grows a little tedious by its length as compared to its depth and quality of inspiration, which can never be the case with Beethoven. There are wind instrument passages in it requiring to be delicately blended, and these left not much to be desired.

The other varieties were all new. Schubert's "Erl-König" was very powerfully illustrated in an orchestral arrangement, for which the song is well adapted, both by the dramatic alternation of supposed voices (the child, the father and the spirit), and by the large background of accompaniment, only suggested by the piano, and for the first time realized in the greater mass and richer coloring of orchestral tone. Those tremolos tell far better in the violins. This piece made an impression. The finale from Spohr sounded of course characteristic, and good, but not of his best. The new Strauss waltz was capital of its kind, an ingenious mingling of delicious harmonies. We could not wait for the "grand gallop," but choose an earlier and more quiet exit.

Next Wednesday an entirely new programme, and we hope, and do not doubt, a larger audience. Perhaps a Beethoven symphony would have drawn more this time.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—We have not often known a Chamber Concert audience kept so alive through a whole evening, as at the second subscription concert (Wednesday, Dec. 3). Seldom too have the instruments sounded so well, to our ear—we mean as to quality, substance, purity of tone—sonority, euphony, or what not. Was it something in the air, or was it mere chance, or perhaps the inspiration of such a programme as they had fortunately drawn up for their own and our sakes?

1. Quartet in A, op. 41, No. 3. Schumann
Andante espressivo and Allegro molto moderato—
Assai agitato—Adagio molto—Finale, Allegro uol-
to vivace.
2. Grand Sonata, for Piano, in B flat, op. 22. Beethoven
Allegro con brio—Adagio con molto espressione—
Minuetto—Rondo Allegretto.
Mr. B. J. Lang.
3. Adagio, for Stringed Instruments, (Serenade). Mozart
4. Song without words, for Piano. Mendelssohn
(a) Duet in A flat, No. 5, Book 3.
(b) Hunting Song, in B flat, No. 2, Book 5.
Mr. B. J. Lang.
5. Fifth Quintet, in F, op. 23. Veit
Andante con moto and Allegro vivace—Allegro
Allegretto (Mährchen)—Allegro molto.

The Schumann Quartet took us fresh—and was it not just about the most desirable thing to hear, for those who had heard it for the first time two weeks ago? The inspiring effect of that hearing was confirmed and heightened. Alike

in the inventive and imaginative qualities of genius, and in artistic handling of ideas and instruments; alike in inspiration and in counterpoint, in poetic substance, feeling, and in form, it is one of the most rewarding Quartets one can listen to and study. From beginning to end it is full of matter,—we mean musical ideas, all fine, original and fresh; there is not a common-place bar or cadence in it; nothing feebly said at second hand; nothing which does not somehow seem to open your mental vision, as when you come in contact with a fresh, clear soul. In the mere matter of part-writing it is as free and clear and natural, while finely complicated, as Mozart almost; no part in another's way, nor in its own way; no part wondering why it is there. The counterpoint is all transparent, a mingling of currents each alive. Then as to the instruments, significant and lovely, passages, now in the cellos, now the tenor, &c., lie on the open strings, so that the sound thereof is marvellous and goes (vibrates) to its mark. The first theme of the Allegro, consisting of a sort of pointed invitation of two notes (foreshadowed in a few bars of introductory Andante, of exquisitely pensive harmony), and a phrase of graceful, airy melody for answer, is presently offset by a counter theme sung in some one of the parts, while the others catch their breath in the rather nice task of accompanying; and these, with wayside and connecting thoughts, are developed into a beautiful and rich poetic whole.

The second movement (*Assai agitato*) is a succession of distinct delicately quaint thoughts, all pointedly and briefly hinted as it were; among them a short fugue, and a bold motive (*tempo risoluto*) in which the frisky instruments leap about for a while with a vivacity that made us think of Handel's frogs; but what page of four-part music can be more ideally lovely, as if written for the fairy Fine-ear, than that which follows, and in which the series subsides and murmurs to a close! We will not dare to speak of the Adagio, save to say that in its profoundly serious mood there is nothing to overcome one with drowsiness, and that it does not fall below one's expectation of an Adagio in a work all so admirable. The Finale is in that old narrative ballad-like strain, to which Schumann takes so naturally, beginning with a jaunty, quaint refrain, which recurs after each stage of the finely diversified and fascinating story. But what we have said is nothing; perhaps some time we shall attempt a fuller description of the contents of this Quartet. Meanwhile who does not long to hear it still again?

The Beethoven Sonata followed well upon the Quartet. It is one seldom heard in our public concerts, although one somewhat well known in private circles, and one full of interest. Mr. LANG played it intelligently, clearly, elegantly, if not always with all the poetic charm his text admitted of. We could not help thinking that some of the movements were taken a little too fast, particularly that little Minuetto, which is the perfection of grace, and which the ear would fain drink in more *moderato*. The Adagio too moved at a rate as if the artist were a little impatient with it, or feared it might prove dull; as indeed with all its beauty and its depth of feeling sometimes it is apt to; it is the case with one or two other Adagios of Beethoven; the best way is to be patient with it, weighing every note, and entering into it *con molto espressione*, as the author has marked it. But saving these questions, which we raise not without diffidence, the Sonata seemed to us admirably played, the first and last movements particularly; the Adagio was most relished and applauded by the general audience, hearing for the first time, as slow movements always are, being more readily appreciable. Mr. Lang has done us a true service in bringing out such a work, and we hope he will have courage to go on in that direction. The two "Songs without Words" were highly welcome on his presentation.

The "Serenade" Adagio by Mozart hardly rises above the everyday level of that never failing and inspired composer; it would have sounded fresher, had it not come after things of so

much mark as that Sonata and Quartet. From the character of some passages in it, we could not help suspecting it to be an arrangement from wind instruments.—Veit appears to be a good clear, musician-like composer, not particularly inspired, apt to be common-place like Onslow, yet now and then relieved and relieving you by thoughts more striking, such as the *Mährchen*, or fairy tale, of the third movement of this Quintet, which, as well as the Finale, had a certain charm. But coming after great things, it could not much enliven.

The next concert will be on Thursday, Dec. 18, when another of Beethoven's latest Quartets (in C sharp minor) will be uncorked to us for the first time.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—We regret to be only able to record the programme of the second of the Quintette Club's series of "popular" concerts at the Melodeon. The *res-bis* was a nine-instrument affair by Onslow.

1. Overture—"A Night in Grenada" Krentzer
2. Rondo Valse—"Il Baccio" (The Kiss) Arditi
Miss Granger.
3. Clarinet Solo—Introduction, Theme and Variations. Kiel
Thomas Ryan.
4. Nonetto, in D minor, op. 77. G. Onslow
For Violin, Viola, Cello, Bass, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn and
Bassoon. Allegro—Tema, with Variations and Finale.
5. Violin Solo—Saltarelle, op. 26. Delphin Alard
William Schultzze.
6. German Ballad—"When the quiet moon is beaming"
Miss Granger.
7. Fantaisie for Violoncello, on Scotch Melodies. Kummer
Wulf Fries.
8. Schubert's Serenade for Saxophone (the new instrument)
Thomas Ryan.
9. Ballad—"Fly, my Skiff" Kücken
Miss Granger.
10. Air and Finale, from "I Puritani" Bellini

To-night Beethoven supplies the solid—namely, his Septet in the original form.

GILMORE gave three of his Promenade Concerts in the Music Hall last week; two on Thanksgiving Day, and one on Saturday evening. On the last occasion his orchestra performed a couple of movements from Berlioz's Symphony "Harold in Italy."

MESSRS. MASON & THOMAS announce their eighth season of Chamber Music Soirées in New York, to commence Tuesday evening, Dec. 23. We have received the programme of the whole series, and we say happy they who have six feasts so rich and classical, so rare withal, in prospect. Read, and consider what you have to call you to New York.

FIRST SOIREE—1. Quintet, Piano and Stringed Instruments, (E flat minor, Opus 87), Hummel; 2. Quartet, (F major, Opus 18, No. 1), Beethoven; 3. Fantasie-Stücke, Piano, Opus 12, Nos. 2, 3, and 4, Schumann; 4. Quintet, Stringed Instruments, (G minor), Mozart.

SECOND SOIREE—1. Trio, Stringed Instruments, (C minor, Opus 9, No. 3), Beethoven; 2. Trio, (D minor, Opus 63), Schumann; 3. Quartet, (D minor, Posthumous), Schubert.

THIRD SOIREE—1. Quartet, (C major, No. 2), Cherubini; 2. Trio, (D major, Opus 70), Beethoven; 3. Quartet, (A major, Opus 41, No. 3), Schumann.

FOURTH SOIREE—1. Quartet, (F major, No. 8), Mozart; 2. Trio, (B flat major, Opus 99), Schubert; 3. Quartet, (C major, Opus 59, No. 9), Beethoven.

FIFTH SOIREE—1. Quartet, (E flat major, No. 4), Mozart; 2. Sonate, Piano and Violin, (E major, No. 3), Beethoven; 3. Polonaises, Piano, (A major, C minor, Opus 40), Chopin; 1. Octet, (E flat major, Opus 20), Mendelssohn.

SIXTH SOIREE—1. Quartet, (C major, Opus 33, No. 3), Haydn; 2. Sonate, Piano and Violin, (B flat major, No. 4), Mozart; 3. Concerto, Two Pianos, (C major), Bach; 4. Quartet, (C sharp minor, No. 14), Beethoven.

The interpreters of this tempting list of works are: WILLIAM MASON (piano-forte), THEODORE THOMAS (violin), G. MATZKA (viola), and F. BERGNER (violoncello).

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The Correspondent of the London Musical World (Nov. 8) writes:

Another week has passed and still I have nothing novel or particularly interesting in the musical way to recount to you. Everywhere preparations are being made for great events, but no actual accomplishment has taken place. Of the Grand Opera I have

nothing to state except that Mario will make his debut in *La Muette de Portici* on the 14th. This has been definitively settled.—At the Théâtre-Italien the *Barbiere* has been given with Alboni, Signors Gardoni and Delle Sedie. Rosina was incomparable, Al-maviva fluent and loverlike, and Figaro anything but funny. On the second night of the performance of the *Barbiere*, Signor Gardoni being indisposed, a new tenor, Signor Danieli, made his first appearance as the Count. The Parisian press, I think, have been too hard upon this gentleman, who, in my opinion has much talent. In the case of the new tenor a "Daniel has come to judgment" with a vengeance. The *Così fan tutte*, it is said, will be produced on the 16th, and Mlle. Patti will make her debut before a French audience—an awful ordeal where a high reputation has been previously won. The Parisians desire all artistic fame to be derived through them. The director, I have been told, has discovered a new Tamburini and is putting *Scaramouche* in preparation for him, Alboni, and Madame Penco. He is called Signor Agnesi and has earned, according to some accounts, a great name in certain parts of Italy. Nothing is more wanting on the Italian stage than a good baritone. To sing the music of *Assur* the performer must be not only a good baritone but a good florid baritone, which is better than a good baritone. Signor Agnesi, it would seem, is not only a good baritone but a good actor to boot, else M. Calzado would have not selected for his first appearance the most difficult part for a baritone in the whole range of the Lyric drama.—The Théâtre-Lyrique opened in the new building on the 30th of last month under the direction of M. Carvalho. The interior is very handsome and commodious and has been likened to the Salle Ventadour. The sonority is admirable, the greatest pains having been taken by the architect to secure the conformation of structure best adapted to the required acoustic purposes. With respect to the new mode of lighting from a huge sort of gas-sun fixed in the ceiling and covered with a glass globe, in place of the customary chandelier suspended from the roof, and candelabra surmounting the boxes, there are differences of opinion. Some contend that it is a great improvement and a great saving; others insist that it spoils the looks of the theatre, too much glare being projected into the body of the house. The ladies are decidedly on the opposition side, affirming that their *toilettes* are submitted to too bright a scrutiny. I am not sufficiently interested one way or the other to give an opinion, but rather incline to vote against the ladies. The candelabra were a great nuisance to those placed immediately above them; and their removal at all events is a special benefit. The new company is unusually strong, and comprises the names of Mmes. Viardot, Miolan-Carvalho, Marie Cabel, Faure-Lefebvre, Mlles. Girard and Moreau, MM. Battaille, Sainte-Foy and others of lesser note. The inauguration performance was not an opera but a medley of vocal and instrumental pieces selected at random, which had little or no interest for the general public.—The concerts of classical music for the people, founded and directed by M. Padeloup, continue to draw large crowds to the Cirque-Napoleon. The London Monday Popular Concerts no doubt furnished M. Padeloup with the idea for his new entertainment. I heard the 'Eroica' symphony of Beethoven extremely well executed the other evening, listened to attentively, and applauded warmly. So you see classic music for the million has a chance in Paris as well as London.

London.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—St. James's Hall was on Monday night crowded to the very doors, on the occasion of the third Concert of this prematurely inaugurated season.

Scarcely could a concert have been more impressively announced than by the few mysterious bars of *adagio* which usher in the first *allegro* of Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat. This, the twelfth *opus* of the gifted successor of Beethoven, was written when its composer had scarcely counted as many happy summers; and to this effusion from a child's untired brain, greybeards are now glad to listen, intent to draw from its melodious accents intellectual profit as well as sensuous delight. Of all musicians, as it seems to us, Mendelssohn preëminently shares with his nobler compeer, Beethoven, that wondrous faculty which reaches, its highest development in Raphael's "San Sisto," of suggesting beneath external forms of absolute beauty the presence of thoughts and feelings that "lie too deep for words." That a mere boy, such as Mendelssohn, when he wrote this fascinating quartet, should be able to excite the mind and affect the heart, as well as gratify the ear, is a much more remarkable phenomenon than the purely musical aptitude which displayed itself at so early an age in Hummel and Mozart. In the ethereal second

movement ("canzonet"), Mendelssohn seems to have vaguely imagined the first germs of the exquisite fairy music, afterwards wrought into perfect shape in his *Midsommer Night's Dream*; even the quaint and fanciful drone of the violoncello in this movement reminds the hearer of a similar use of the ophicleide in the later and more elaborate effort. The whole work was played to perfection by Herr Joachim, Herr L. Ries, Mr. Webb, and Signor Piatti, the equality of tone, no less than the accuracy of the performers being alike remarkable in the staccato passages of the *canzonet*, and in the broad, richly harmonized melody of the *andante*.

Mr. C. Halle should be complimented for his choice of Beethoven's sonata in F. Op. 54, it being not only difficult, but, on account, perhaps, of the absence of a slow movement, comparatively ungrateful. It was given for the first time at these concerts, but Mr. Halle has proved in each of his series of "Beethoven's recitals" how thoroughly he can enter into its spirit. The never-flagging animation and brilliancy of the *allegretto* is particularly well adapted to exhibit his delicate and unerring mechanism. From the melodious minuet-like opening of the sonata to its abrupt conclusion, indeed, Mr. Halle was rewarded with the dearest and most appreciative attention. In Hummel's Septet the pianist was aided by Mr. Pratten, flute, Mr. Baret, oboe, and Mr. C. Harper, horn, together with Mr. Webb, Signor Piatti, and Mr. Severn, viola, violoncello, and double bass. More efficient exponents could scarcely be found in Europe, nor could the performance have been better. In the *trio* of the *scherzo* the phrases of the melody for the horn were splendidly given by Mr. C. Harper, and to the effect he produced, no less than to the pleasing character of the movement, must the enthusiastic "encore" be attributed.

About Herr Joachim's performance of John Sebastian Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C major we must hesitate to speak lest we be accused of a desire to exhaust our limited stock of encomiastic epithets. The Fugue with its bold and wonderful complications seems undestined for human fingers; to Herr Joachim, the Napoleon of the fiddle, however, the word "impossible" is unknown. It requires not only rare dexterity and rarer brain to execute and remember, but absolute genius thus to animate a contrapuntal study into a noble, exciting, and triumphant exhibition.

The concert could not have closed more effectively than with Haydn's irresistible trio in G major (No. 5), played in a spirit of kindred geniality by MM. Halle, Joachim, and Piatti. Of the vocalists we need not say much. Both Miss Lascelles and Mr. Haigh have superb voices. The lady sang "In questa tomba oscura" (Beethoven), and "Lily Lye" (McFarren); the gentleman "Good night, beloved" (Balfe), and "The Nightingale" (Henry Smart). In the accompaniments Mr. Lindsay Sloper manifested his customary tact and skill.—*Telegraph*, Oct. 28.

Wallace's "Love's Triumph."

The London papers have come to us with long and elaborate criticisms of Mr. Wm. Vincent Wallace's latest musical work, "*Love's Triumph*." Opera Comic in three acts, which was produced at the Covent Garden Theatre London on Monday 3d inst, with complete success. The Libretto is furnished by Mr. J. R. Planché (one of the most successful English dramatists, famous as the author of Weber's "Oberon") and was suggested by a French Comedy entitled "*Le Portrait Vivant*," by Messrs. Melesville and Laya. One these critics says:

Mr. Wallace has we think fallen more firmly on his feet here than in any of his four former Operas. There is a consistent style in "*Love's Triumph*," such a style as befits a French Comic Story, showing an advance on that of his "*Maritana*" "*Matilda*," "*Lurline*" or even his "*Amber Witch*." The music is of a light and elegant nature somewhat after the style and manner of Auber, but yet original and full of the most refined and masterly instrumentations.

The encores were numerous, the Overture and no less than seven of the songs and concerted pieces having been re-demanded and the composer and principal artists called for at the end of each Act. In short "*Love's Triumph*" was an artistic triumph and pronounced an undoubted success."

We understand that this opera is soon to be published, in piano and vocal score, in New York.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Maryland, My Maryland! Patriotic Song. 25

The melody of this song is striking and graceful, and the stirring words,

They came with proclamations loud

They came a ragged, squalid crowd, &c.

by Linley Johnson, have the true "ring" to them, and completely turn the tables on the southern "Maryland."

The Bonnie Red, White and Blue, or our Beautiful Flag. Words by J. C. J. 25

The melody is that of the "Bonnie Blue Flag," very popular at the South, and is too good to be any longer coupled with a secesh song. The words,

"Oh no the Bonnie Blue Flag

With its white and ghastly star."

"But up with the Southern poor man!

Strike off the captives chain!" &c.

are spirited, and the song, in its new and reformed life, should be a favorite.

Westward Ho! Song. J. S. Porter. 25

A regular western song, bright and cheerful.

Instrumental Music.

Alice Waltz. Illustrated. E. L. Hime. 75

Very melodious, excellent for learners, and not difficult.

Flag of our Union. Polka. E. C. Howe, M. D. 25

It seems that Dr. Howe prescribes music as well as medicine to his friends and patients. The present mixture seems to be well triturated, has no harsh ingredients, and is not bad to take, being really a very pretty polka. Easy.

Dew Drop Polka Redowa. A. E. Warren. 25

Medora Waltzes. Illustrated. D'Albert. 60

Marcelle Mazourka. J. Gorten. 25

Autumn Leaves. Schottische. Lizzie M. Harvey. 25

The first publication of a talented young "musicienne," and a very pleasing composition.

Warblings at Dawn. Romance for piano. Brinley Richards. 40

Books.

KING'S NEW COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC.

Mostly selected from the works of the Great Masters, with separate Organ accompaniment.

By W. A. King. \$2.00

Those who have seen the "Grace Church Collection" one of Mr. King's former works, will recognize a kindred production; the same careful selection and excellent arrangement which commended that book to the immense favor it received among the best quartet choirs, being eminent in this. An examination of its pages will convince all who seek a book of superior church music, of its complete excellence.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

